

# VOX COLLEGII



1969









# COLLEGE SONG

Dear old Trafalgar  
Hear thou our hymn of praise.  
Hearts full of love we raise  
Proudly to thee.  
Thy splendour never falls,  
Truth dwells within thy walls,  
Thy beauty still enthralls,  
Dear O. L. C.  
Through thee we honour  
Truth, virtue, loveliness,  
Thy friendships e'er possess  
Our constancy.  
Thy spirit fills us through  
So we'll be ever true  
To our dear blue and blue  
Of O. L. C.  
O! Alma Mater!  
How can we from thee part  
Thou only hast our heart,  
Dearest of schools!  
Thy glory we shall see  
Wherever we may be,  
Still love of O. L. C.  
Our future rules.



## *Ontario Ladies' College*

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# *Principal's Message*

## *The Pursuit Of Excellence*



One of the main aims of the Ontario Ladies' College is to encourage high individual performance. Teachers are constantly attempting to stimulate your minds and open your eyes to the tremendous scope of learning. This school desires to unleash your potentials.

The pursuit of excellence is a worthy goal for all of us. Our concept of it must embrace many fields of achievement at various levels for there is no single standard of excellence. There is excellence in art, in music, in physical prowess, in human relations, in craftsmanship, as well as in abstract intellectual activity.

Unfortunately enemies of excellence exist which should seek out and destroy: habits of mediocrity which lead to satisfaction with the inferior; lack of interest which robs one's powers of concentration; slovenly effort which mars one's ability to produce anything worthwhile. Let us not be fettered by chains of inefficiency which shackle one to complacency and prevent one from making giant strides on the pathways to progress.

The cultivation of excellence for its own sake is a powerful force in our society and one which results in great achievements. Can it be that we have lost the gift for demanding high performance of ourselves, or have we never learned to demand it in the first place? It is up to you, as students, to attach a "high quality" label on your daily work. It is up to you to accept the premise wholeheartedly that excellence is produced; excellence does not just happen.

The need for excellence is becoming even more important in our increasingly complex society, for learning is proceeding at an explosive rate. Unless the quality and quantity of our country's educational product is raised to meet the needs of our time, the result may be calamitous.

The task is prodigious. Let us pursue excellence with zeal and purpose.

Reginald C. Davis, M.A.,  
M.Ed., M.Mus., Ph.D.,  
Principal

Dear Students,

This has been a memorable year for our School. We welcomed a new Principal, and his wife and daughter; I completed my first year as Dean; and we have had a good mixture of fun and hard work.

This year has been characterized by the number of changes that have taken place. Change for the sake of change is not wise, but the changes made in the College were intended to improve administration, to encourage student participation, and to reduce rules to the minimum consonant with the effective running of the School.

Some students have treated this more liberal attitude as an invitation to throw aside restraint, but for the good of all students, and for the proper functioning of the College, there must be some basic rules and regulations. To realise that these rules are necessary, and to accept them cheerfully, will help to engender a pride in our School and keep its standards high.

Some students, on the other hand, have realised that greater liberty demands greater responsibility, and they have been willing to accept the responsibility. This is the attitude we hope all students will acquire, so that they will exercise self-discipline and self-control, instead of having to have discipline enforced by those in authority. This is a goal not easily achieved, but it is the goal for which we are aiming.

To those of you who are leaving this year my sincere wishes for a happy and rewarding future; to those of you who will return in September an invitation to come back and make the future of O.L.C. as illustrious as its past has been.

Yours sincerely,

Dorothy Perry





# *Dedication*



To Mr. Hall we affectionately and respectfully dedicate our yearbook.

Mr. Hall came to O.L.C. five years ago, as head of the science department, and assistant principal. Throughout his time here, he earned the respect and admiration of the staff and students, as well as a reputation for coming to school on time no matter what the weather. Mr. Hall is also responsible for all donations that may be made to the O.L.C. science department in the near future, for last year, the grade twelve class swore that they would dedicate their first million to equipment. Mr. Hall has made a tremendous contribution in this field — our science lab has been greatly improved by his efforts.

Mr. Hall has taught us more than science, for by his example we have learned what few can teach. Perhaps for more than anything else, Mr. Hall will be remembered for his smile, a smile which never failed to spread warmth and happiness.





BACK ROW: Mrs. Perry, Mr. Sutherland, Mr. Bedford, Dr. Davis, Mr. Schöenenberger, Mrs. Davis, Mr. Terry, Mrs. Holley, Mrs. Hallpike. FRONT ROW: Miss Saunders, Miss Nash, Miss Breckenridge, Mrs. Swann.

## *Faculty and Staff*

### ENGLISH:

Dr. Davis M.A., M.Mus., M.Ed., Ph.D.  
Mrs. Hallpike B.A.  
Miss Breckenridge  
Miss Saunders B.A.

### LATIN:

Mrs. Holley B.A.

### PHYSICS:

Mrs. Swann B.Sc., B.A.

### CHEMISTRY:

Mrs. Swann B.Sc., B.A.  
Mr. Sutherland B.Sc.

### MATHEMATICS:

Mrs. Swann B.Sc., B.A.  
Mrs. Perry M.P.S.  
Mr. Sutherland B.Sc.  
Mr. Terry B.A.

### ART:

Miss Breckenridge

### MUSIC:

Dr. Davis A.T.C.M.  
Mr. Bedford  
Mrs. Ramsey  
Miss Breckenridge

### FRENCH:

Mrs. Holley B.A.  
Mr. Schöenenberger Lic. phil.

### GERMAN:

Mr. Schöenenberger Lic. phil.

### BIOLOGY:

Mrs. Swann B.Sc., B.A.

### GENERAL SCIENCES:

Mrs. Swann B.Sc., B.A.

### HISTORY:

Miss Nash B.A.  
Miss Breckenridge  
Miss Saunders B.A.

### GEOGRAPHY:

Miss Nash B.A.  
Miss Breckenridge  
Miss Saunders B.A.

### PHYS. ED.:

Mrs. Hallpike B.A.

### LIBRARIAN:

Miss Saunders B.A.



# *Mary - Ann's*

## *inspiration*

"If I were not a prefect, something else I'd rather do," was the first of many capers performed by the prefects at O.L.C. this year. Both O.L.I.Y.G. and Winter Carnival reflected their enthusiasm. I would like to thank the prefects who gave me their assistance throughout the year.

We are grateful to Dr. Davis for the willingness he showed in letting the students through the student council manage their own affairs. Throughout the year Dr. Davis also encouraged us to take part in the community and participate as a school in extra-curricular activities. I'd like to thank Dr. Davis for the confidence he had in O.L.C. and the girls.

What words can I express that would describe how we all feel about Mrs. Perry? She has been the mother of O.L.C. We often need the advice of a woman at this point in our lives and we all know that we can share any problems with Mrs. Perry. I will always be thankful for the many things Mrs. Perry did for me.

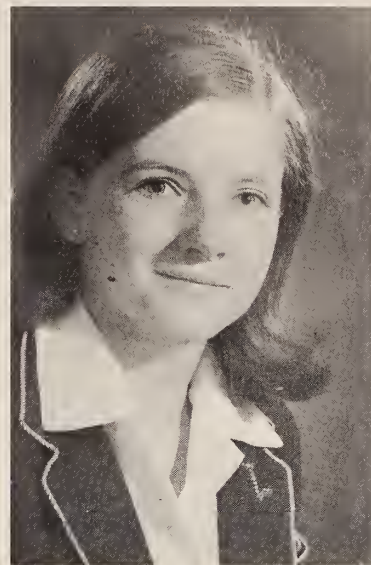
Living together at O.L.C. in such close contact with so many people is a very rewarding experience in spite of the many times during the year that we may deny it. By shedding tears for someone else's pain and by rejoicing for someone else's happiness we learn that the sickness of the heart is sometimes far more serious than the sickness of the body. We, all of us, control the remedy which will cure that sickness when we meet it. It is friendliness, sympathy and understanding. It costs us nothing and the more we give away the more we receive.

To those who are returning to O.L.C.: O.L.C. needs your enthusiasm and vitality. I hope you will endeavour to make 1970 an even greater year for our school, more exciting and more successful.

To those of you who are leaving O.L.C.: I hope that your experiences at O.L.C. will benefit you in the search for your goal and that you will be very happy in the future.

Mary-Ann McDougall

# *From Judy*



The term editor sounds rather formidable, and shook me at first along with the strings of people saying "I'd hate to have that job" or "isn't it a lot of work?"; more than anything it puzzles me I haven't yet managed to find all this work that is supposed to be lurking somewhere, and what there is, is rewarding and satisfying. There are frantic moments but nothing more serious than the last minute rushes, and looking for the time or the typewriter that does not seem to exist.

For everybody this year the year book was a new challenge for me to find out what a year book actually consists of and to my two or three-finger typing. And for the school to gain the support of advertisers to back the book. And again the decision whether we might manage to send our book to the publishers, weighing the pros and cons — they offered good photography terms, they could set the type to fit the pictures and in fact give it that professional look. The only problem seemed to be whether we could afford to, but all doubts were soon dispelled under Barb's energetic sales of advertising.

We have tried as a group to include all the interesting memories of the year, with as many lively and entertaining pictures as can be procured. We hope that it contains all that you would like.

I would like to thank everyone involved with the yearbook for the support and help and especially those on the committee: our advisers Mrs. Holley and Miss Nash, Jo-Ann Wilson assistant editor, Barb Beach head of advertising, and Brenda Rogers photographer.





Mrs. Lamb — Bursar



Mrs. Hartman — Secretary



Mrs. Knowles — Receptionist

## *Staff*



HOUSEMOTHERS — Left to Right: Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Simpson, Mrs. Crowe, Mrs. Tucker.



Mrs. Moore — Nurse, Mrs. Halliday — Housemanager



**GRADUATES**





#### JACQUELINE BROWNE

Jackie or "J.B." is from Bermuda. She came to O.L.C. in 1966 and is also known as "Jackie the Basketball player". She is vice-president of her form and a member of the S.C.M. Her interests include boys, dancing and reading. Nursing will be Jackie's chosen field.

Her favourite expression B. O. A. D.

Good Luck Jackie!



#### TRUDI CARR

During her second year at O.L.C., Trudi has assumed the position of Grade 9 prefect. Well known for her palm-tree hair style "Gert" also loves to smack people on the ear-lobes, but escapes by saying "Oh for sure!"

Next year will find Trudi at the University of Toronto.

Best of Luck Trudi.



#### SURREY CHENG

Surrey has come all the way from Hong Kong to O.L.C. this year. She participates actively in the school choir and school dances. Next fall she hopes to enter a Canadian university to study medicine.

Good Luck Surrey.



#### MARY ANN COLEMAN

She has spent two years at O.L.C. during which time her interests have ranged from basketball, swimming, tennis and other sports to Appleby, Appleby, Appleby. The only girl at O.L.C. with her own hall has given Mary Ann quite an advantage. After graduation Mary Ann plans a career in nursing and physio-therapy.

Best Wishes Mary Ann.





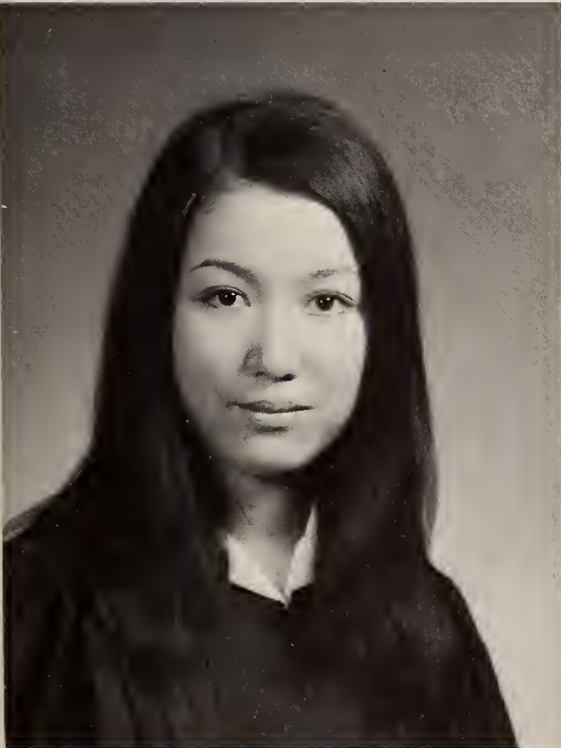
**NANCY CROWE**

Nancy Crowe, our Grade 11 prefect, has been active in both volleyball and basketball. Her smiling countenance is a familiar sight behind the windows of "The Holy Hog". We also see Nancy's creations on the walls of the Rec Room. Nancy hopes to pursue a career in the field of music.



**SUZETTE EDMEAD**

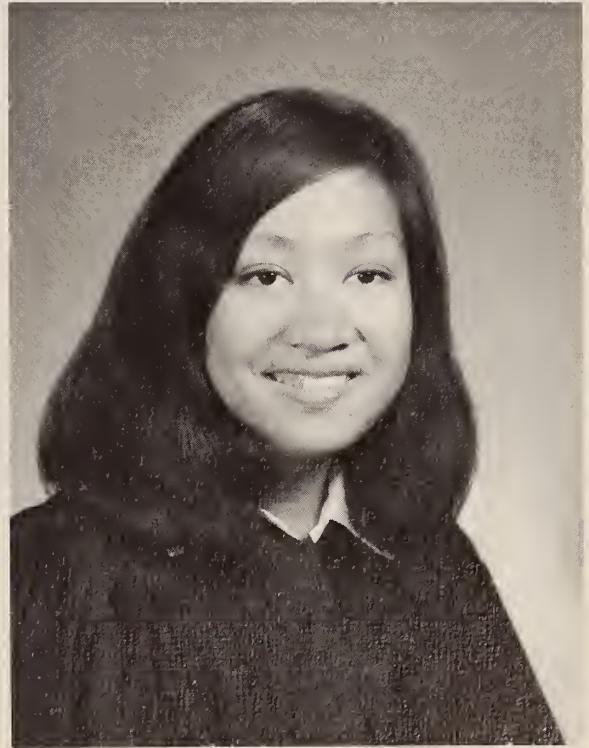
Suzette hails from Bermuda and is very proud of her sunny island. She describes herself as an "emotional literary genius" but we know she has no ambitions except to own controlling shares in Schneider's Meat Packing. We wish her the best luck in Arts at York University.



**CHRISTINE FENG**

She entered O.L.C. after Christmas and admits that she finds boarding school quite an experience! A native of Hong Kong, Christine rates travel high on her list of must-do's. Her ambition is social work at the Queen Elizabeth Hospital in Hong Kong.

Lots of Luck Christine



**MARGARET FENG**

In her first year at O.L.C. Margaret acts as our Chinese translator. Hailing from Hong Kong she is quite impressed with Canada and she voices her appreciation in the school choir. After graduation Margaret hopes to attend university and emerge a social worker.



**BETH FIDDES**

"Bouncing Bethie" is the Grade 7 and 8 prefect and a pleasing combination of hoots and laughter. Her life took quite a "turn" this year at the Appleby Dance. Beth is "postulating" on entering nursing at Montreal General next year.



**MAUREEN GILBRIDE**

Mo, our Lakehead beauty has attended O.L.C. for Grade 13. Upon completion of her senior year she wishes to study Nursing Science at Lakehead U. However, the majority of 13 hall think that she would make a much better Vicker's wife. Maureen in our eyes fulfills the school motto of Truth, Virtue, and Loveliness to overflowing. Active in choir, outstanding in figure, she has been a noteworthy classmate. Like the true fish she is, she continues to haul drowning victims from the bottle-shaped pool as exhibited during the Holiday at the Inn.



**SUSAN GOLDIE**

"Suey" sang her way into O.L.C. this year. Affectionately referred to as "Our Soloist", she represented us well at the Toronto and Peterborough Kiwanis Music Festival. Grade 13 class president, choir member, star player on the Hare basketball team, and other pursuits have kept Sue busy. Next year Suey may be found at Peterborough Teachers' College.

Good Luck Suey



**LESLEE GRACEY**

Grachiii comes to us from Esterhazy, Saskatchewan. She insists that Esterhazy does exist, although there seems to be some dispute among members of our class. She has been very active in all school activities and has even created some of her own special underwear stringing in main hall! Her mind isn't made up about next year but with her experience in pornography we strongly suspect where her inclinations will lead her. We wish her the very best next year in her chosen profession.





**BRENDA MacKILLICAN**

Brenda's interests at the opening of the "68-69" school season caused her a lot of worries, but now since she has devoted her time to a domestic science (cooking) she has settled down. She was a member of O.L.C.'s choir and an avid basketball player. Next year Brenda plans to enter nursing.



**LYNNE MacLACHLAN**

"Line" in her second year at O.L.C. has been rather tied up in extracurricular activities. Wearing the red laces, she participated in both basketball and volleyball. Next year Lynne hopes to attend Carleton and eventually enter the field of social work.

Best Wishes Lynne



**SANDRA MAHABIR**

Sandra spends most of her time trying to decide whether to pass Math and fail French or vice versa. Her pet peeve is the morning bell, so she politely ignores it. Her interests include reading and dancing (especially cha-cha). Sandra is undecided about her future but plans to enter university.



**MARY ANN McDOUGALL**

Snork's main ambition is to find some spare hours. As Head Prefect she is kept busy with Student Council Meetings, "Prefects' Parties" and tearful girls. However, she does manage to find time for friendly shoemen, ghosts and Wells parties. Mary Ann will be spending even more of her life in T.O. next year as she plans to attend U of T or York. We owe much gratitude and credit to Mary Ann for the success of the year '69.

Thank You Snork!





**MARY McWHIR**

During the five years that Mary has been a student at O.L.C. her accomplishments have been many. Last year Mary was the S.C.M. prefect and this year she is Grade 12 prefect. She has illustrated her superior musical ability by being O.L.C.'s organist for the past four years. Mary gets her "hoots" chaperoning junior dances with Lakefield and dancing the Eightsome Reel with bearded strangers. Her hero is Casimir Fink! Mary intends to further her scholastic pursuits at Victoria College.

We wish her lots of luck in life and love.



**SUSAN MERRILL**

Sue dropped into O.L.C. one day in January and decided to stay to try to enlighten us on the facts of life in the "outside" world. With only six months at her disposal Sue deserves credit for fast work. Next year her goal is Carleton or U of T or Trent, but "does anybody care!"



**SUZANNE OGG**

Coming from Deep River, Soggie is usually found in the pool with her swimming class. This year Sue refuted the statement that "where there's smoke there's always fire". Suzanne is active in basketball and cross country everyone else to come in way ahead of the other hounds. Suzanne, commonly known as Speedy, could manage to be late for her own funeral. Next year she hopes to study physical therapy at Western.



**SANDRA PULLY**

"Spully" hails from a wee spot in Mid-Atlantic, Bermuda. Now her favourite spot is on the telephone where she awaits long distance calls from her multitude of beaux. Her expression is Honest? Next year Sandra hopes to enter nursing.



**INDRA RANCHARAN**

After seven years of attending O.L.C. Indra has reached maturity. Much of her spare time in '69 was spent in T.O. but in '70 her centre of activity will be shifted to Ottawa, Carleton vicinity. Indra is not sure what she will major in next year but as she always says: "All's Wells that ends Wells."



**KAREN RICHARDSON**

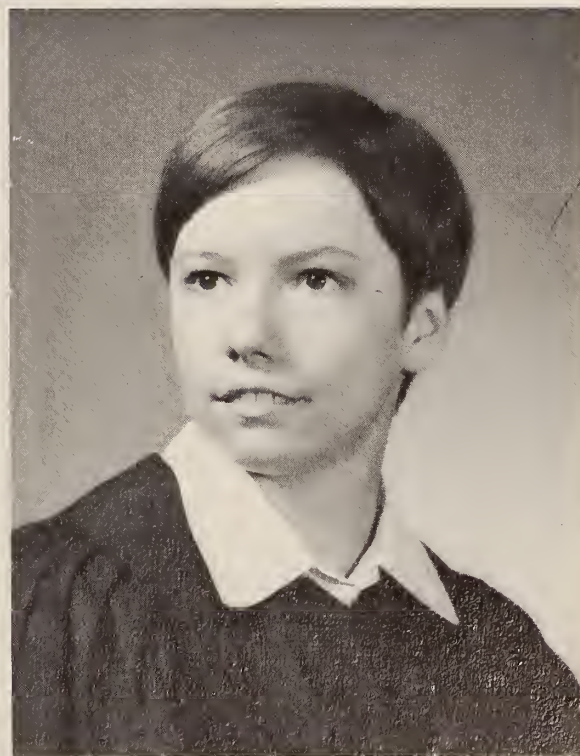
Karen is a very "honest" prefect. She keeps counting the hours to meet Robb. She wishes to be an x-ray technician although she is more likely to be a professional basketball player.

Lots of Luck Karen



**BETTY STANGER**

Betty joined our happy group at O.L.C. just before Christmas. Due to Betty's quiet nature and the few classes she's taking we hear very little from her. At 3:30 on the dot Betty can be found on her way out the classroom door. We often wonder who is waiting to meet you at the bus, Betty. Her future plans include U of T next fall and eventually becoming a psychologist. Good Luck Betty!

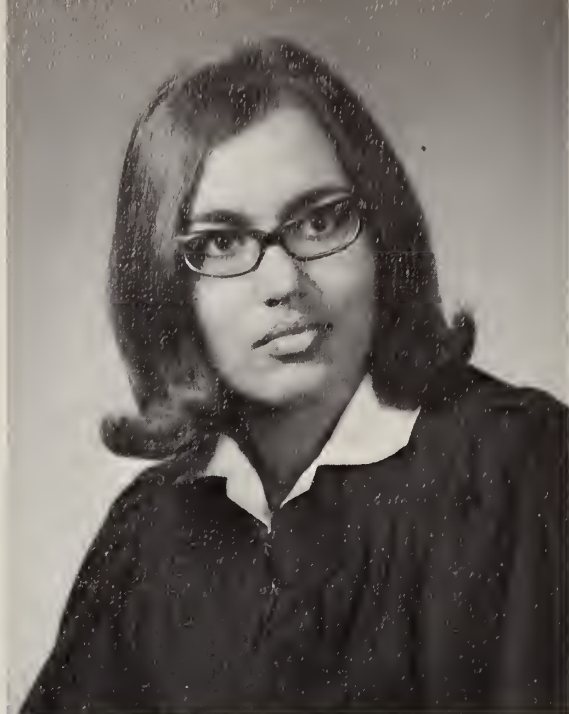


**PATRICIA WALLACE**

Pat has spent the past four years at O.L.C. Her accomplishments include being Grade 10 prefect and a member of the industrious Hare basketball team. She plans to attend Bishop's University next year to major in sociology, with a minor in "Italians".

Best of Luck!





**FRANCES WARD**

Frances came up from Barbados just to join the 13 class of '69. An avid reader of "certain" books, Frances is also a member of the S.C.M. Her love for dancing naturally took her in the direction of the Jazz Club. Frances hopes to enter McGill University in the fall and eventually enter a career in micro Biology.

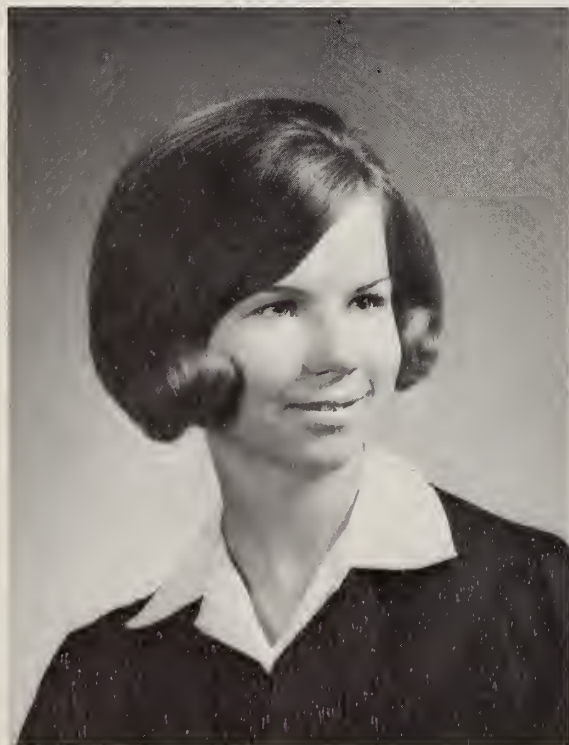
Watch those micros Frances!



**MARGARET WERRY**

We've really enjoyed Marg this year. She has been very busy as head of the decorating committee, and as an important member of the Maxwell Senior volleyball and basketball teams and school choir. She has several claims to fame — her "florid complexion" and her unattached brother. Just as everyone has something she'd rather do than anything else, Marg loves attending Math classes (especially double periods). We're going to miss making our "red light" blush in B. O. classes.

Good Luck Marg.

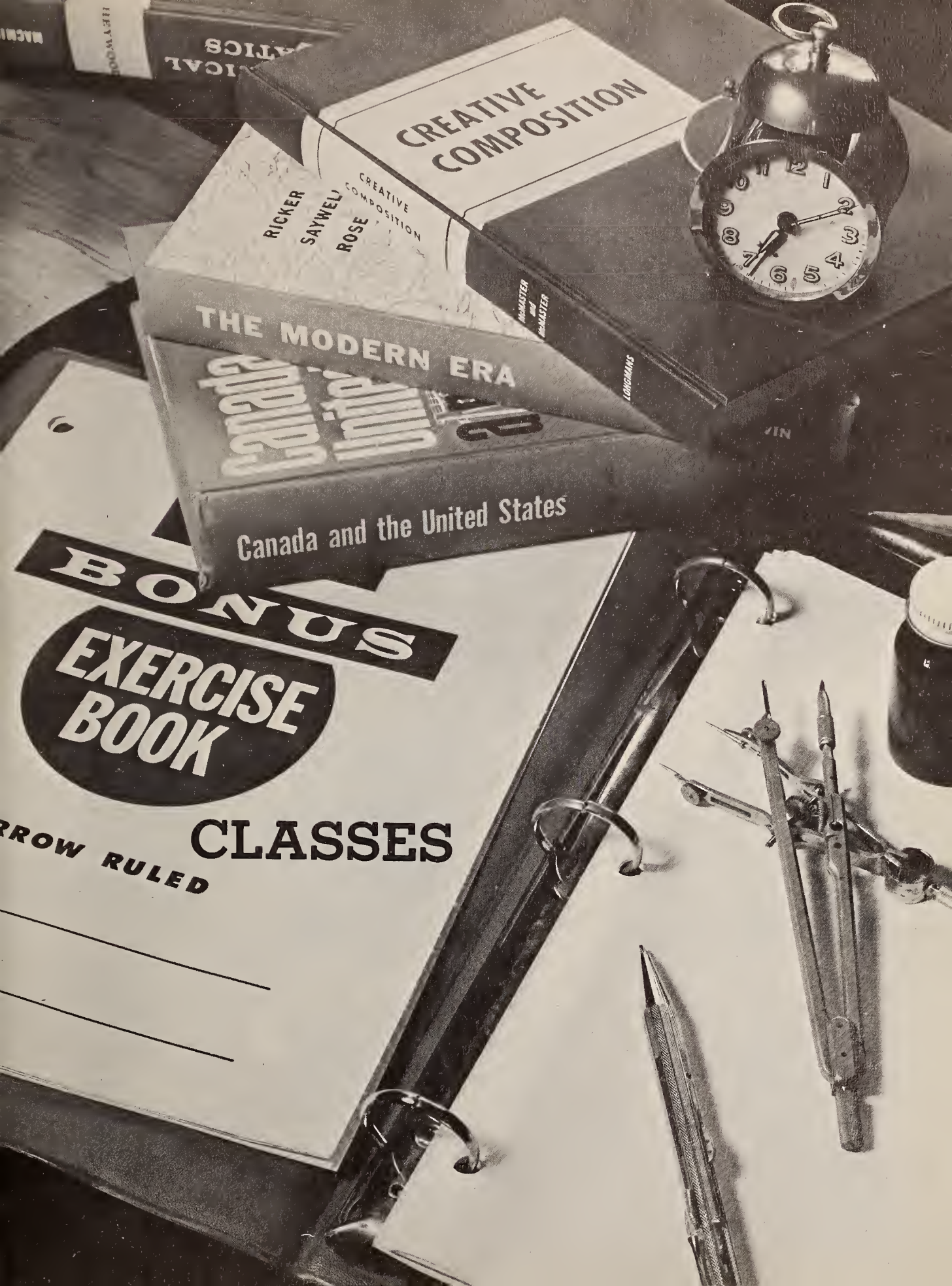


**JO ANNE WILSON**

Although a new student at Q.L.C., Jo Anne's smile helped brighten everyone's day. She was chosen Queen of the Semi-Formal. Her activities included being co-editor of the yearbook, school choir and decorating. The only time a frown appeared was when she had a problem with her "Bill's". Next year she plans on attending Queen's.

"Da mi basia mille"





SOILS  
LOCAL

CREATIVE  
COMPOSITION

RICKER  
SAYWELL  
ROSE  
CREATIVE  
COMPOSITION

LONGMANS  
LONGMANS

THE MODERN ERA

Canada and the United States

BONUS

EXERCISE  
BOOK

CLASSES

ARROW RULED

# Grade Seven



**BETSY BARNES**  
Betsy is known all over the school for her ability to write the rule book at any time of day or night.



**MELISSA CAMPBELL**  
Despite her apparent transportation problem Sunday nights, Melissa always seemed to be there to prescribe various treatments for the ailing on the hall.



**ASTRID HERKENBERG**  
Lovely name.



**LINDA WEST**  
The only girl on the hall who can sing and chew gum at the same time.

# Grade Eight



**PAT BAIRD**  
Pat's ambition in life is to be taller than Mrs. Moore.



**JO-ANNE BARCLAY**  
If you ever see dust flying it's only Jo off to practise the organ.



**KATHY DIMITROFF**  
Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow you diet!



**HEATHER DUNNETT**  
Heather loves to sing one song in particular, "We've got to get out of this place if it's the last thing we ever do."





**SUE GORRIE**  
Ah, come on, how can we get caught.



**ANNE JUNJEK**  
Anne is one of the many who enjoyed herself with a certain young man at the Lakefield dance.



**SANDRA RICHES**  
Sandi has had a lot of fun with her tape-recorder this year — especially in classes.



**JACKIE SALYERDS**  
At precisely 8:00 a.m., 3:30 and 6:30 p.m. every day Jackie would go outside to enjoy nature.



**DONNA WEST**  
The innocent look is just a disguise. Mischief lurks within those eyes.



# Grade Nine



**CLAIRE BARKE**  
Favourite Saying: I doubt it!  
Favourite thing: Getting higher marks than Gail.  
Pet Peeve: 7:00 morning bell.



**HEATHER BEARE**  
Favourite Saying: Groovy.  
Favourite thing: Water skiing.  
Pet Peeve: Bath oil in my shampoo.



**BARB BELL**  
Favourite Saying: I wish summer was here!  
Favourite thing: Summer holidays.  
Pet Peeve: Fall, Winter and Spring.



**DEBBIE BROUGHTON**  
Favourite Saying: Oh come on now!  
Favourite thing: The plain trip home.  
Pet Peeve: 10:00 silence bell.



**WENDY DOUGLAS**  
Favourite Saying: "I don't know!"  
Favourite thing: Puerto Rico.  
Pet Peeve: Drinking.



**NANCY FITZPATRICK**  
Favourite Saying: No way!  
Favourite thing: Flowers.  
Pet Peeve: Cleaning the table.



**GAIL JAMES**  
Favourite thing: People who know where Maple is.  
Pet Peeve: People who don't know where Maple is.



**BONNIE MARTYN**  
Favourite Saying: Eh mint!  
Favourite thing: Food  
Pet Peeve: Liking food.



**SUSAN McARTHUR**  
 Favourite Saying: Good grief!  
 That's a gas!  
 Favourite thing: Train buddies.  
 Pet Peeve: People who are two  
 faced.

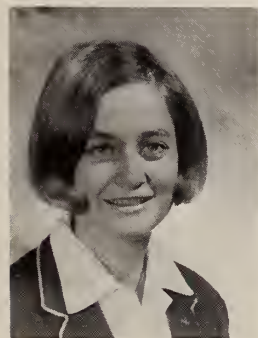


**BARB McLEAN**  
 Favourite Saying: Care about  
 it!  
 Favourite thing: Arlo Guthrie  
 and Bob Dylan.  
 Pet Peeve: Bells, period.



**SHELLEY SCHWEIGKOFER**  
 Favourite Saying: Sexy eh?  
 Favourite thing: Teaching and  
 playing piano.  
 Pet Peeve: "Farmer".

## Grade Ten



**BEV AKINS**  
 Favourite Expression: Stop it!  
 I love it!  
 Pet Peeve: People who stop.  
 Claim to Fame: The belch of  
 distinction.  
 Ambition: Sanity.



**JOANNE BYLES**  
 Favourite Expression: Whassat-  
 tompoo!  
 Favourite Pastime: Getting roses.  
 Pet Peeve: People who pick.  
 Claim to Fame: Picky Pyles  
 Ambition: Florist.



**FRANCI CARR**  
 Favourite Expression: You're  
 rude!  
 Favourite Pastime: Putting in  
 the corner.  
 Pet Peeve: Turkeys.  
 Claim to Fame: her knee.  
 Ambition: To send Sylvia back  
 to Czechoslovakia.



**YAT LING CHOI**  
 Favourite Expression: Oh, I am  
 so happy for you!  
 Favourite Pastime: Eating Sea-  
 weed.  
 Pet Peeve: Ho Chi Min  
 Ambition: Governess of Hong  
 Kong.



**DIANNE CROWE**  
 Favourite Expression: How the---  
 should I know?  
 Favourite Pastime: Otis-ing.  
 Pet Peeve: People who scare  
 her.  
 Ambition: Being hung by a  
 scarf.



**SHARON CURRIE**  
 Favourite Expression: You're  
 kidding!  
 Favourite Pastime: selling pigs.  
 Pet Peeve: People who touch  
 her.  
 Claim to Fame: Hairdresser.  
 Ambition: Housemother at 19.



**DONNA DOWDELL**  
 Favourite Expression: You know  
 I'm innocent!  
 Favourite Pastime: Imitating  
 foreigners.  
 Pet Peeve: Bad jokes.  
 Claim to Fame: Soupy Sales  
 dance.  
 Ambition: Mouse Dance  
 teacher.



**CARMEN ESTRADA**  
 Favourite Expression: How you  
 say it?  
 Pet Peeve: People who tell her  
 the wrong things to say!  
 Ambition: Spanish teacher at  
 O.L.C.



**PAT HUNTER**  
 Favourite Expression: Toodles!  
 Favourite Pastime: Sitting up  
 straight and smiling.  
 Claim to Fame: Bobby pins.  
 Ambition: Olympic Equestrian  
 Team.



**LORNA JOHNSTON**  
 Favourite Expression: Is it in  
 colour?  
 Favourite Pastime: Flipping  
 people.  
 Pet Peeve: The word 'obstinate'.  
 Claim to Fame: The Great Chase.  
 Ambition: To shrink.



**CONNIE McDUGALL**  
 Favourite Expression: Oh, no!  
 Favourite Pastime: Sitting down  
 with a good Harlequin.  
 Pet Peeve: M. Leroy D.  
 Claim to Fame: Champion Ski-  
 dooist of Gore Bay.  
 Ambition: Prefect at Appleby.



**MARYLYNN MENTIS**  
 Favourite Expression: Only a  
 guy, that's all!  
 Favourite Pastime: Creating  
 Sudbury temperature in her  
 room.  
 Pet Peeve: Subways  
 Claim to Fame: Ice cream.  
 Ambition: Sudbury nickel miner.





**LINDA MERCER**  
 Favourite Pastime: Under-  
 standing.  
 Claim to fame: La plus grosse  
 jeune fille.  
 Ambition: To run 'One Hour  
 Martinizing'.



**WENDY OGG**  
 Favourite Pastime: Writing to  
 someone special.  
 Pet Peeve: People who gargle  
 in the room.  
 Claim to Fame: Hanging out  
 on the RIGHT side of the bed.  
 Ambition: To cross that DEEP  
 RIVER.



**SONJA OSET**  
 Favourite Expression: Get outa  
 here!  
 Favourite Pastime: Cringing at  
 the sight of foolscap.  
 Pet Peeve: Sudbury.  
 Claim to Fame: Her conch  
 lessons.  
 Ambition: To play conch for  
 the Toronto Symphony.



**NADENE ROGERS**  
 Favourite Expression: I can't  
 find my bite-plate.  
 Favourite Pastime: Dropping her  
 screen out the window.  
 Pet Peeve: People who upstage.  
 Claim to Fame: Witch of '69  
 Ambition: To burn all the  
 Barbra Streisand records.



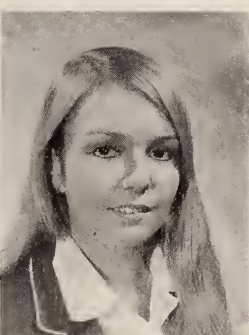
**JANICE TISDALE**  
 Favourite Expression: Get the  
 candle!  
 Favourite Pastime: Selling wal-  
 nettos.  
 Pet Peeve: Skinny arms.  
 Claim to Fame: 1006  
 Ambition: To help burn  
 Barbra Streisand records.

**CATHARINA STROUD**  
 Favourite Expression: That's  
 a gasser! !  
 Favourite Pastime: Making  
 weird noises in class.  
 Pet Peeve: Nixon.  
 Claim to Fame: Her smile.  
 Ambition: First woman presi-  
 dent of the U.S.

## Grade Eleven



**SUE ACRES:**  
 All I really know is that I  
 really don't know anything.



**PEGGY ALLEN:**  
 My common sense isn't  
 common to everyone.



**DOROTHEA BASSETT:**  
Work and worry have killed a  
lot of people so why should I  
take the chance.



**BARB BEACH:**  
Barb is like the Venus de Milo,  
beautiful but not all there, I  
wonder if the Venus liked trum-  
pet players too.



**WENDIE BUCKLEY:**  
She's bound to succeed; the  
mighty oak was once a little  
nut too.



**PAM COOKE:**  
Absence makes the heart grow  
fonder. Whenever I am absent  
from O.L.C. I am much fond-  
er of it.



**DEE MacBRIEN:**  
Happiness is above all the call,  
glad certainty of innocence.



**VICKI McCALLUM:**  
"Stretch" I like a boy with  
a good head on my shoulder.



**JOY McCOMBE:**  
I can resist anything except  
temptation, Miss Nash would  
call it a sin.



**CATHY McRAE:**  
My smile speaks for me.



**SUZIE MITTEN:**  
A girl of successful yesterdays  
and confident tomorrows.



**SHIRLEY MONTEIL:**  
I like getting into hot water  
it keeps me clean.



**FRANCES PIDGEON:**  
Tact is the art of making a  
point without saying a word.



**VELMA SIMONS:**  
She is not only closed the sub-  
ject she sat on the lid.



**KATHY SMALL:**  
The get up bell rings to life's  
lofty duel. I rise like a rocket  
just out of fuel.



**DEBBIE WEST:**  
It matters not how long we  
live but how. Debbie knows  
how!



**SUE WILLIAMS:**  
Why do today what you can  
put off until tomorrow and  
why put off until tomorrow  
what you can put off until the  
day after tomorrow.



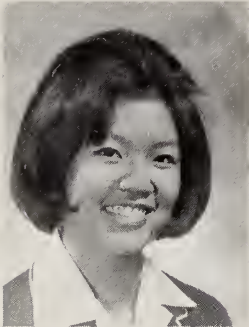
# Grade Twelve



**JANE ALLEN:**  
Act: Hare house captain, choir, A.A. student council, gymnastics.  
Amb: Forensic pathology.  
Pet Peeve: Roommates that dance.  
Known for: The different ways of walking, walking, talking, acts & looks.  
Prob. Dest: A 'frenzie' Wife.



**WENDY BARCLAY:**  
Act: Farewell house member, sports, S.C.M. decorating committee.  
Amb: Commercial artist.  
Pet Peeve: The sound of fingernails on the blackboard.  
Fondest Memory: The night Spinelli caught her with her 'beanie' on.  
Prob Dest: Artist for Pittsburgh Points.



**DIANE CHIN:**  
Act: Maxwell house member, sports.  
Known for: Her brave attempts in Ph. Ed.  
Pet Peeve: Teaching chemistry class.



**JUDY DONNELLY:**  
Act: Maxwell house member, sports, gymnastics, yearbook editor, and student council  
Amb: Tell you later.  
Pet Peeve: Having to leave school at 3:30.  
Favourite saying: Smiles that 'talk'.  
Prob Dest: Going back to England to show them what O.L.C. taught her.



**ELSIE HOFSTETTER:**  
Act: Carter house member, treasurer for the S.C.M. gymnastics.  
Amb: Nursing.  
Pet Peeve: Being short.  
Known for: Proving blonds do have more fun.  
Prob Dest: The discoverer of a cure for blushing.



**NADINE HULBERT:**  
Act: Maxwell house member, drama, and swimming instructor.  
Amb: nursing.  
Pet Peeve: Not knowing which side to part her hair.  
Known for: being our cross country nylon runner.  
Fondest memory: Being locked out on the balcony which has just been tarred.



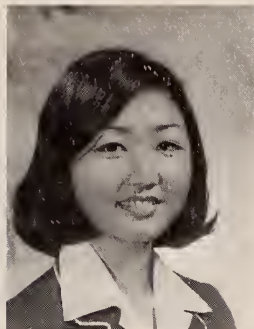
**NANCY KERR:**  
Act: Farewell house member, S.C.M. sports and drama.  
Amb: Kindergarten teacher.  
Pet peeve: Not getting letters from Sarnia.  
Known for: Learning Chinese.  
Prob Dest: A great success.



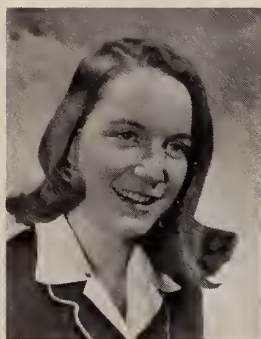
**SHELLEY LEDGER:**  
Act: Maxwell house member, sports, drama, class president, music and student council.  
Amb: Journalism.  
Pet Peeve: Having her music lesson interfere with French.  
Prob Dest: The only journalist that can find something pleasant to say.



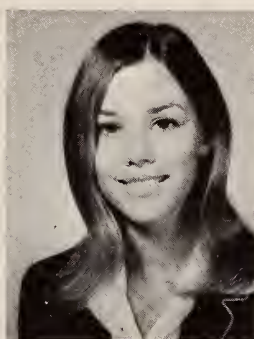
**TERESA LIN:**  
 Act: Maxwell house member,  
 Amb: Business science.  
 Known for: the mathematics  
 she has never taken before.  
 Pet Peeve: Forgetting her  
 English-Chinese dictionary.  
 Prob Dest: Going far in bus-  
 ness science.



**WINNIE LO:**  
 Act: Farewell house member.  
 Amb: University.  
 Known for: Her smile.  
 Pet Peeve: not being able to  
 go to Toronto for the weekend.  
 Prob Dest: A great success.



**MARGARET MARSHALL:**  
 Act: Carter house member.  
 Amb: Nursing.  
 Pet Peeve: Dirty goldfish  
 bowls.  
 Fondest memory: Falling a-  
 sleep in studyhall and letting  
 her head drop on the desk.  
 Prob Dest: Bringing everyone  
 from Holland to Canada -  
 not just one boy.



**JAN PORTER:**  
 Act: Hare house member,  
 sports.  
 Amb: Physiotherapist.  
 Pet Peeve: Things that are  
 'gross'.  
 Known for: Getting phone  
 calls.  
 Prob. Dest: Mother of ten.



**YUEN-WAH PUN:**  
 Act: Hare house member.  
 Amb: University.  
 Known for: Always being one  
 step ahead of the bell.  
 Pet Peeve: People who don't  
 understand what she says.  
 Prob Dest: A successful gradu-  
 ate from university.



**BRENDA ROGERS:**  
 Act: Hare house member, head  
 of S.C.M. student council and  
 yearbook photographer.  
 Pet Peeve: People who cut up  
 O.L.C.  
 Known for: Her strict at-  
 tention in French class.  
 Prob Dest: A language teacher  
 at O.L.C.



**JACQUELYN RUBAINE:**  
 Act: Farewell house sub-  
 captain.  
 Amb: Governess of Bermuda.  
 Pet Peeve: People who get too  
 many letters.  
 Known for: Selling member-  
 ship to 'Christie'.  
 Prob Dest: Foreign Corres-  
 pondant in Canada for  
 Bermuda.



**LESLIE SHERRY:**  
 Act: Hare house sub-captain,  
 S.C.M. sports.  
 Amb: 'Child care' worker.  
 Pet Peeve: Being known as  
 'Phoofie'.  
 Known for: What's happening  
 at the 'Rock Pile'.  
 Prob Dest: Originator of a  
 weekend hostel in Toronto for  
 girls from O.L.C.



**JANET SMITH**  
 Act: Head of the A.A. Farewell house member, gymnastics, sports and student council.  
 Amb: Physical and Occupational Therapy.  
 Pet Peeve: Teachers who don't agree.  
 Known For: Being the girl with the crammed cranium.  
 Prob Dest: Uniting O.L.C. and Appleby into one co-educational college.



**DENISE SPINELLI**  
 Act: Farewell house member, sports and gymnastics.  
 Amb: To find her place in the sun.  
 Pet Peeve: Cold, windy days.  
 Fondest Memory: The day she became school photographer.



**LISA WOODSWORTH**  
 Act: Farewell house member, drama.  
 Amb: Combined politician and actress.  
 Known For: Her 'tea'.  
 Prob Dest: To fulfill her ambition.

**NO PHOTO  
 AVAILABLE**

**JENNIFER BARR**  
 Act: Hare house member, sports.  
 Amb: To travel around the world.  
 Pet Peeve: People who don't like 'soul'.  
 Known For: Being the only girl in the school with a voice as forceful as her room-mates.  
 Prob Dest: National gym clown champion.











# SPECIAL EVENTS





# Valedictory Address

Mr. Chairman, Mr. Howarth, Honoured Guests, Dr. Osborne, Dr. Davis, graduates and fellow students, ladies and gentlemen:

It is indeed an honour to represent the graduating class of 1968 as we meet here to-night to pay a final tribute to our school.

The first interesting fact about my life here at O.L.C. is that I was a day student. As I entered O.L.C. this evening it reminded me of the many mornings when I crossed the threshold to be welcomed by the aroma of breakfast. This memory is followed by many others though. Occurrences which I had thought forgotten came to life again as I greeted familiar faces. What times we had! Who of you could forget the first day of classes-arising at seven to the delightful tune of the ever-sounding bell without which nothing could have been accomplished? There were the festival of plays, the Christmas dinner, and the inter-house sports. And who could forget the seemingly endless hours on the drill field in preparation for May Day? A few of us will recall less pleasant tasks such as giving piano recitals for a certain beloved music teacher. There were school parties, at the Osbornes' and in the school and there were those other parties. Most vividly perhaps I remember the mad dash at three-thirty to catch the bus home. Among this select group were a champion long-distance runner in the graduating class and an esteemed French and English teacher who has great stamina. Yet these are only a few experiences we shared.

But such levity flickers before the thought of more sober things, for we have all learned lessons in this school which will remain with us forever. We have learned not only tolerance, patience, and courtesy, but we have learned how to get along with each other, which is a feat some people never accomplish. We have been taught the ways to study and the ways to learn.

I do not profess however, to think that it was all by our own doing that we have learned. It was almost entirely due to the undying patience and assistance of our teachers. How many times students went to teachers for guidance and understanding and you teachers gladly gave your help! And in retrospect, I suspect that it was your ability to challenge us that made you great. You taught us to think for ourselves, to reason for ourselves - in short to be individuals. We will always remain indebted to you and will be proud to continue friendships with you.

Our thanks do not end here however. We also owe our thanks to our principal Dr. Osborne and to Mrs. Osborne, to our dean Mrs. Perry, and to the other members of the staff who always seemed delighted to help us even if it wasn't during office hours. I think too of our parents who allowed us to attend O.L.C. To all of you who have given us your trust, your encouragement and your love, we thank you.

To-night is our Commencement -- a very appropriate word. Many of us here to-night are thinking that this is the end of something. This is true -- it is the end of a certain phase of life. But it is not the end.

It is more suitable to say that it is the end of the beginning; for most of us are going on to pursue further fields of studies. I feel the lessons taught in this school will form a very strong foundation on which to base our future lives. Further, we realize that it is only through the day to day search for truth that we can gain knowledge and understanding. There is a great challenge ahead of us, the challenge in our own way to improve the world. This may seem frightening but we must be bold and step out confident of our abilities. Although we have found an exciting new aspect of learning -- such as in universities or hospitals -- it is difficult to say farewell to our old Alma Mater, for it will always remain a part of us. It has shown us the roads to wisdom and the signposts to peace. In the Words of Harry S. Truman, "Our goal must be -- not peace in our time -- but peace for all time."

Lucille Chapman

# Commencement

A highlight of every school year is Commencement. It is a time when everyone recalls the memories of past years. It is a time when the graduates return to receive their diplomas and bid an official farewell to O.L.C. It is also the time when academic excellence is crowned with many prizes and medals.

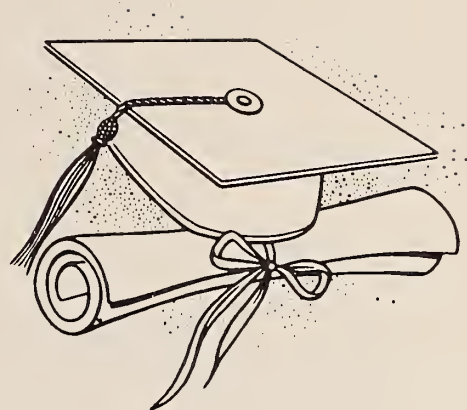
This year the Commencement Exercises were held on September twenty-seventh. The chairman for the evening was Mr. R.P. Matthews. He and our principal, Dr. Davis, presented the diplomas to grades twelve and thirteen.

The graduates were addressed by Mr. Gordon Howarth, the Registrar of York University.

Lucille Chapman, who is now attending Scarborough College, spoke on behalf of the graduates.

The presentation of prizes and medals followed. The programme was closed with singing of the school song, "Dear Old Trafalgar", after which refreshments were served in the dining room.

Lynne MacLachlan



## The Senior Dinner

T.S. Elliot once said "In our end is our beginning in our beginning is our end." And so with the senior dinner of April the 25th, 1969 marks the beginning of a series of graduation ceremonies for the grade thirteens of O.L.C. However these exercises also mean the end of all high school years.

We toasted the Queen and Canada our country, and we honoured dear old Trafalgar, but most important our graduating class was our honoured group that evening. Every facet of school life was represented and they directed their words to the senior girls, we heard from each of the class presidents and the organization representatives. All the speeches were well presented some were serious but many were humorous, capturing the most interesting highlights of the school year. No one will forget Mrs. Perry's interesting light-hearted piece of prose. The Alumnae were also presented, and spoke to our girls later in the evening.

Our laughter eased our sentimental feelings as we realized what the senior dinner really meant. This was the beginning of their end, there was still the Trafalgar Service, Dinner with the Board of Directors and the final Class Day to add to their memories.

Janet Smith

# Deep Purple

The first dance of the year with the boys from Appleby College was a succès d'estime. Thanks to the ingenuity of the decorating committee, the gym was transformed into an atmosphere of "Deep Purple".

The couples danced midst shadows of purple lights and pink crêpe streamers, while candle-lit tables graced the edges of the dance floor. Records were played by a disc-jockey who brought a wide choice of music.

This dance made for good connections between the schools. Very good connections! All we need now is a direct calling line to Appleby!

Elsie Hofstetter



# The Lakefield Dance

On the evening of February 15th, thirty-five young gentlemen from Lakefield College arrived at the doors of O.L.C. Waiting for them were thirty-five girls from grades 7, 8, 9 and 10. The two groups introduced each other and then moved to the gym, which the girls had decorated in all colours under the theme of "rainbow-ride". The music was supplied by a disc jockey who helped break the ice by making the first dance a Paul Jones. Soon everyone had found a compatible partner for the evening and the fun continued. At ten, a welcomed lunch was served by some helpful seniors. On the stroke of twelve the home waltz was played and soon the boys departed. A good time was had by all.

Connie McDougall



# *The Semi-Formal*

On the evening of December seventh we ventured "Deep Into the Jungle". The Wombats provided the music. The dance was highlighted by the crowning of queen Jo Anne Wilson and her princesses Indra Ramcharan and Jackie Rubaine.

Over the bridge and into the jungle to dance among the animals of the wild—elephants, tigers, and giraffes. The sky hung over the lonely thatched-roof hut guarded by a cobra.

The flames flickered as dinner was served at midnight. Maybe we shall meet again on a safari!

Margaret Werry



*Jo Anne Wilson*



*Karen Richardson*

# *The Formal*

Our formal this year, on April 12th, took as its theme "Neptune's Ball", and thanks to Janet Smith and her A.A., it was a great success. The main colours were blue and green and a mural of Neptune with his boat and chest of gold added to the central picture.

Entertainment was provided by the "Jackson Lane Society", which put on a good show, especially in their number with the strobe lights.

At ten o'clock, it was announced that Karen Richardson had been chosen "Queen of the Formal". Wendy Barclay and Leslie Sherry were her princesses.

Dancing continued until midnight, when a buffet of cold meats and salads was served.

Reports afterwards revealed that all enjoyed themselves.

Maureen Gilbride

# May Day



THE MAY COURT:

Mary McWhir, Mary-Ann McDougall, Trudi Carr, Pat Baird, Yat Ling Choi, Shelley Schweigkofler, Carmen Estrada, Melissa Campbell and Cathy Davis (not in the picture).



Two o'clock Saturday the 17th of May was really our day, each one of us for weeks had with Mrs. Hallpike's expert persuasion and help formed a paramount exhibition for our chosen May Queen — Mary-Ann McDougall and her two counsellors Mary McWhir and Trudi Carr.

Saturday arrived with a certain amount of concern; the weatherman forecast "unsettled weather with showers developing in the late afternoon". The programme commenced in the concert hall and not until our guest speaker, Mayor Desmond Newman, had closed the indoor events was the decision made to continue outside. After our final tribute was paid to the May Queen, the guests were invited to partake of refreshments in the school.





Choir



Fun with Figures



The presentation of the pin to Mary-Ann by last year's May Queen Marg. Coleman.



May Pole



Twirl Pool



Hoop-La



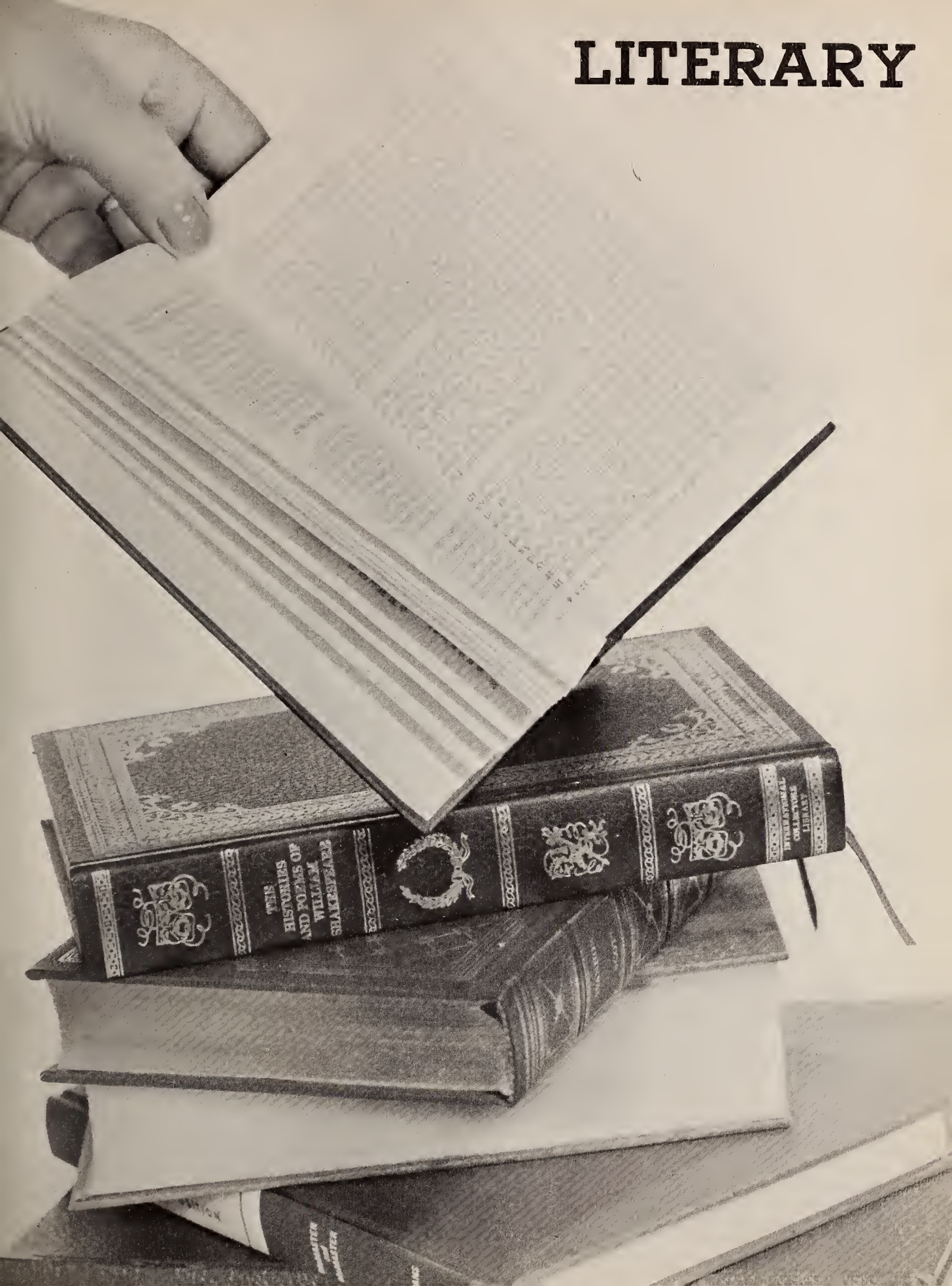
Matched Pairs







# LITERARY



## SPIDERS, FLIES AND PHRASES

The air hung poised above the garden, waiting. It was so still. There was no drift of wind to ease its tension. The moist, stagnant heat played raining havoc with the breathless air. It was so heavy. A fly darted. It passed a tiny, grinning snapdragon and delighted with precision grace on the outstretched tongue of a yawning petunia. It sat poised too, waiting also. Long seconds later, satisfied, it gently eased its minute weight onto its nether limbs and proceeded to vigorously scrub its hairy forefeet to remove any minor irritants. The long, black, lever-like appendages worked themselves ardently together. Then they abruptly stopped and snapped to the petal surface while the fly's abdomen rose and froze. Its grotesque, multi-faceted eyes coldly inspected their almost horizon-wide field of vision. A low gasp of thunder echoed from the south-west and with the following lightning, the fly was gone.

When the rain had stopped, nothing but the glowing drops were left glistening in the sun. A spider came from behind its niche in the trellis by the garden wall. It indifferently viewed the ruin of its webwork, draping and sodden from the fork of the trellis. It clambered carefully along the webbing. Clinging perilously to the bottom it shifted its abdomen and swung gently to reach the other tendril of webbing. Exuding its precious substance from a bulging sac, the spider commenced the long, painstaking ordeal of webspinning.

When the finely-meshed pinwheel of webbing was completed, the spider clambered back onto the trellis. It sat reflectively for a long while, then awkwardly swung about and returned to its niche by the trellis, out of sight.

The fly darted past a large, brown thorn and landed daintily on a red, rain-spotted rose. It abruptly wiped the moisture from its forelegs and then launched itself toward the second rung of the trellis. What can be the impact of an insect, flying at relatively terrifying speeds, slamming into the tangled mass of the meshed webbing of the spider? Can it be a missile arrested in flight by the solid block of earth, caught, imprisoned and destroyed? The fly was caught fast, a doomed prisoner. It buzzed on desperately, beating its glued wings in frenzied desperation. It lurched its tiny weighted thorax from side to side and vehemently kicked its legs. The spider crawled out gingerly from its niche and stared strangely at the struggling black object; then, it slowly clambered onto the webbing and toward the fly.

I stared in awe, a tiny, innocent child, morbidly charmed by nature's life and death struggle. It was something, as a child, I could not understand and so was filled with so innate a curiosity that I could not get close enough to this, oh so strange, encounter.



I knew Mother was coming even before she called. I could sense Her approach. She reached down and grasped my hand and frowned at my eagerness to question this and lifted a stick and tore the silken webbing from its spot and destroyed them both, the spider and the fly. I looked up at Her rigid jaw and tried to loose my hand. I wanted to struggle from Her grasp but I no more knew why than the meaning of the spider and the fly. I felt all sorts of childish feelings, ones that as yet have no words to be expressed. A child's world is a simple world and there are no words for the complicated. But my childish thoughts were seeking for expression, a thought, a phrase to describe my disillusion with Her action. I cried and Mother, scolding, dried my tears. The incident was buried.

Some years have passed since this happened. I sit comfortably in my leather chair and recall this minute incident that returned suddenly to light after years of teachings and, yes, corruptings. Reaching down, I lift the newspaper which I have been skimming through, before my silent reverie and reread the tiny column at the right, "Man hanged for murder — plea of necessity ignored". The papers fall back to my lap and leaning back, I stretch the muscles of my neck. I now realize why this old and forgotten memory has been tapped. At last I'd found the phrase. I think of the spider and the fly; it was simply all in vain. The phrase is there but are phrases enough? Am I yet the child, in that its understanding still escapes me?

Shelley Ledger

### A MASK

The walls of the houses  
Hold secrets,  
Never to be shared with their neighbours;  
And the walls of our hearts  
Are safeguards to our souls.  
Two lives run parallel  
But, like roads, never meet.  
Our words are contradictions  
Of our thoughts which are  
The keys to our souls.  
We are all honest  
But infinite liars.  
Life is a Hallowe'en party  
And only death will remove our masks.

Barbara Beach

## OH COME LET US ADORE HIM

Oh Christmastide!  
Oh Christmas cheer!  
Oh how we've used Thee all these years.  
We seize the chance to show each other  
How much we really love our brothers.  
We've worn through eternity the mask of generosity.

Oh holy light,  
That shines so bright!  
Oh how we praise Thee on that night!  
We wear the mask of adoration  
Solemnity steeps through the nation.

Oh loving Father!  
Guiding Light!  
Oh how we falsify delight!  
We lose the meaning every year,  
Of why we should have Christmas cheer.

Peggy Allen

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## A FACE IN THE CROWD

She was a person that had met hard times, at least that was the first thing you thought when you looked at her. Her eyes were dead and listless and stared ahead never looking at the crowd that milled by. Her face was drawn tightly and was wrinkled and it seemed she'd never laugh or smile. Her clothes were old but well kept and neat and you could tell they had once been well tailored.

The way she held herself was so upright that she seemed to be standing at attention. In one hand was an old, well worn suitcase clenched between red, rough calloused fingers. In the other she held her bus ticket and handbag. She looked at her watch, then tapping her tired feet continued to wait.

I had recognized her the moment I saw her but I stood back and didn't rush up to greet her immediately. Then, I turned away. For it wouldn't do to have people know that she had once been my friend.

Cathy McRae



People are too prone to ridicule and too proud to praise.  
B.S.

## OUR WORLD

The mass of bright streamers reaching from the wharf to the great white ship like so many rainbows finally snapped and disintegrated to flutter and wave in the breeze. Shouts of farewell resounded across the ever-widening channel between us as we moved slowly away, churning up the oily, polluted water into slow whirling currents beneath us. The faces of the crowd on the wharf, all turned, watching, once distinguished individually now merged into an indescribable mass of waving, noisy, jovial mankind. The ship swung out into the harbour and manoeuvred its way around until we pointed down the strait.

Across the water on the other side of the ship the island of Hong Kong loomed above us, a panorama of thousand-eyed concrete buildings, stacked up the hillside like balanced shoe-boxes. They gazed down at their reflection in the water of the busy harbour, a bustling freeway of freighters, motor boats, ships, ferries and sampans. I stood, my bare arms already sticky from the sea air, my hair messed in the breeze, leaning over the rail of the huge liner, watching the magnificent city. It had been a marvellous three days — I felt as if I knew Hong Kong, knew it enough to love it and consider it one of my favourite cities.

I loved the dirty little back streets with the pungent smell of Chinese food and garbage, the wizened old men sitting squat in the doorways, the over-eager shopkeepers in the narrow stores. To cross the road was an adventure in dodging bicycles, rickshaws, perilous taxis and double deckers. The sidewalks teemed with hurrying humanity — ragged, laughing little children, Americans in sports shirts, groups of uniformed school-girls, fashionably dressed shoppers. The night life was riotous, glittering, abandoned and fun-filled. It was a vital, dynamic city; an important self-satisfied one almost with an egotistical air. I was sorry to be leaving.

The buildings on the shore were gliding by now. Tea was being served in the lounge. Something further down the end caught my eye and I walked along the deck, curious. A crowd of people were leaning over the rail shouting at a small boat — I joined them. It was one of those small wooden craft, to us a make-shift rowboat, but in this case the only home of a family of three children and an aged woman. The children, scrawny little creatures in grimy rags screamed pathetically, imploringly, in broken English for money, while the mother steered the boat. People were laughingly throwing coins and the children expertly caught them in their up-stretched fishing nets. There were more boats farther down. I fished for change, biting my lip, forcing back the tears. Somebody threw an empty beer can.

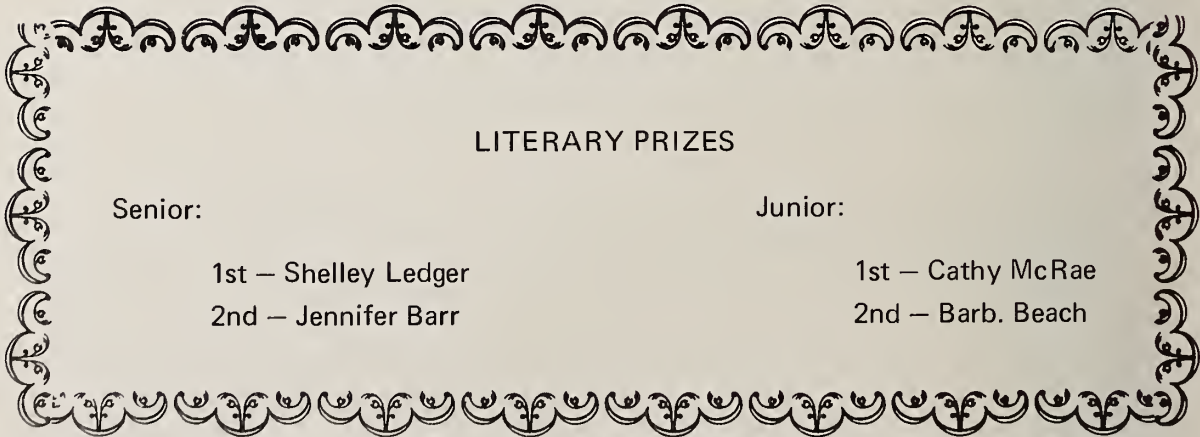
Back in the air-conditioned lounge I sit sipping my tea, watching Hong Kong still floating by. White-coated stewards move silently among the groups of comfortable sofas and arm chairs, serving the tea and cakes from silver trays to women as they sit chatting politely about how much they have spent and on what, in their three short days. A friend leans over and offers me a cigarette, lights it with a glittering lighter. My half-eaten cake in front of me is quietly and skillfully cleared away. Beethoven is being played on the grand at the other end of the lounge.

The tears rolled down my cheeks, dripping off my chin, leaving blotches on my shirt. Now I remember — the small hungry hand grabbing at my dress last night as we jumped in the taxi; the corruption of those back streets; the skinny skeleton-like men imploring us to ride their rickshaws; the reflection of the million dollar buildings next to the starving children in their floating homes. The coins I threw in the nets were a feeble attempt at correcting this incredibly wrong world.

The sun-glassed American in the white, tailored sports coat and white deck shoes stops on his way to the bar to ask what my problem is. He smiles at the naivete of a young girl, flashing gold teeth, and pats my head with a ringed hand. "Not to worry, little one, we can't do a thing about it."

The tears still fall. But soon I know, I will go down and pick at my five course meal with a silver fork, and half of it will be carried away, and by tomorrow will be disposed of at the hull of the ship. But that's alright; we can't do a thing about it, he said. And I realize the tears will eventually, inevitably stop. And I will still love Hong Kong.

Jennifer Barr



#### LITERARY PRIZES

Senior:

1st — Shelley Ledger

2nd — Jennifer Barr

Junior:

1st — Cathy McRae

2nd — Barb. Beach



### "MY AUNTIE SAID"

Although I have been in Canada for just a little more than three months, I seem to have been here for years. Sometimes I even think that I had just gone to Hong Kong for a visit. Actually I had never been away from Hong Kong where I was born.

Before I came to Canada, one of my aunties told me that everything in Canada was expensive so I did not forget to bring with me the toilet tissue paper. Another auntie told me that I might not acclimatize in Canada so I brought with me numerous kinds of medicine. An uncle, who had a friend in north Canada, told me that skin foods were most important because the air was very dry, and that I must put on very thick dresses whenever I went out, otherwise my ears, nose and toes would be departed from my body.

On the day before I was to leave, I looked at my two suitcases with mixed feelings. Beginning from the next day, the history of my life would turn to another page. I imagined that it must be very interesting to live with foreigners in a boarding school and to adjust myself from the oriental life to western life.

After making sure that I had packed the bed sheets, blankets and pillow slips, I went to the departure gate at the airport. I turned my head and saw two rivers which were running respectively along my parents' cheeks. Suddenly I felt I was mature.

When I boarded the plane I looked very fat because many thick dresses were put on my sticky body. Moreover the four thick coats, travel bag and purse made me look very clumsy. We were told as we approached Vancouver that the temperature was very low, thus I put on more skin food.

At the Vancouver airport there was snow! The first time I saw snow in my life! Everywhere was so white, bright and clear that I felt very peaceful. I perceived that the outlook for me in Canada was not gloomy.

Thanks to God's kindness, I acclimatize well in Canada and I do not have to have any special tonic medicine as I did in Hong Kong. And I am gaining weight! I am now wearing my short gymnastic uniform practising on the playground. Inside the school, the radiator only allows me to wear thin dresses.

Next term, if I am lucky, I shall be in Grade XIII and later shall enter a university to continue my studies. Everything will be decided by my own idea instead of being a dependent child as before.

Yuen-Wah Pun

## ON SCHOOL SHOES

Through your school years, you will undoubtedly hear many complaints against wearing oxfords with your school uniforms, but there are unexpected advantages in owning a pair of these shoes.

People just don't seem to realize their benefits. Although they aren't the most attractive-looking shoes, and they do make a loud clumping noise when you walk, and they do make your feet look twice their normal size, you can rest assured in thinking of the good they are doing to your feet. Although it is hard to keep from tripping over your feet, let alone over someone else's, it is reassuring that they need only be worn in the school.

Take up an oxford in your hand, or in both hands if need be, and look at it. Look at its sleek black contours, its thick stylish heel and its long black laces. What other shoes could you wear through rain, snow, sleet, hail and mud puddles? Still they come through untarnished; no scuffs, no scratches, no damages.

What better way to relay to your room-mate the error she has made in spilling ink on your last clean white blouse, than a good, swift kick in the knee, with a trusty oxford. They never fail to leave an impression.

Think of the good leg muscles you are building up by wearing your oxfords from day to day. If there's one thing that bright young girls really need, it's strong, healthy, muscle-bound legs.

After your school days are over, you can keep these shoes for many, many years. They can be passed on from generation to generation. They can come in quite handy when you're doing housework. The soap and detergent you will spill on them when you wash floors, can't possibly mar them.

To remember your childhood and your school days, you could have your oxfords bronzed like baby shoes. How picturesque a pair of bronzed oxfords would look at the end of your bookshelf! They could also be used as door stops or paperweights, or as a container for some exotic flower arrangement.

I'm sure there would be no end to their usefulness and aesthetic value and through your life you will always feel that you made a wise bargain when you first bought your one and only pair of shiny black oxfords.

Elsie Hofstetter

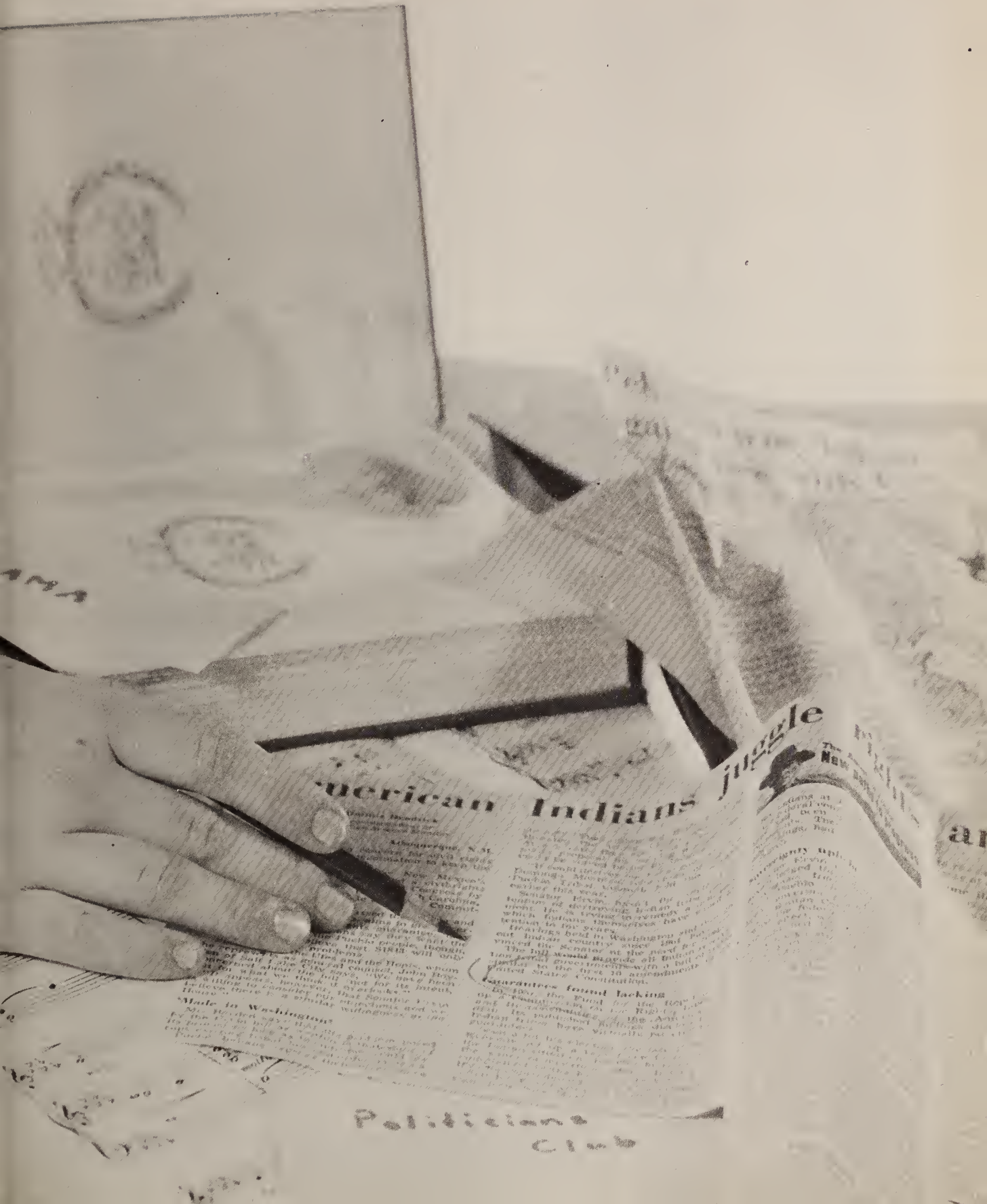
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When once the itch of literature comes over a man,  
nothing can cure it but the scratching of a pen.

Samuel Lover, 1797-1868



# ORGANIZATIONS



## American Indians

Continued from page 1

Albuquerque, N.M., where the only radio station is owned by the Indians.

New Mexico's only civil liberties committee was organized by the Indians.

They are the only ones in the state who are not afraid of the Indians.

They are the only ones in the state who are not afraid of the Indians.

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## juggle

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Politicians Club

# Prefects and Representatives



BACK ROW  
Pat Wallace  
Mary McWhir  
Nancy Crowe  
Beth Fiddes  
Trudi Carr  
Mary-Ann McDougall

FRONT ROW  
Janet Smith  
Brenda Rogers  
Judy Donnelly

## WINTER CARNIVAL

There was more ice than snow that day. Monday, February the third, the day we planned to have our Winter Carnival. We even had to use newspaper instead of snow for our sculptures! A race down mainstair started off the afternoon's activities, and was won by Carter House.

The scavenger hunt was next, divided into four separate teams, we headed out to find some of the most peculiar items — which included "our head girl" rather cleverly disguised.

Following this, entertainment continued on the playing field, with a variety of running, three-legged, and wheelbarrow races.

The weather proved too cold, and we moved to the gym for a game of murderball between the grade XI's and the housemothers. The exciting game was unanimously approved — a great victory for the housemothers.

History was made that day! It was the first time slacks were permitted in the dining room at O.L.C.

Dinner lasted longer than usual, after which we enjoyed three interesting films, even the one shown backwards.

It had been a great day, despite the frozen fingers and toes; it was the type of day we would like to see more of at O.L.C.

Sonja Oset



# *Student Council*



# *Yearbook Staff*



**Advisors:**  
Mrs. Holley and Miss Nash.

**Editor:**  
Judy Donnelly.

**Assistant Editor:**  
Jo Anne Wilson.

**Advertiser:**  
Barb. Beach.

**Photographer:**  
Brenda Rogers.



# *Student Christian Movement*



Each year the Student Christian Movement sponsors a bazaar in order to support our two foster children - Edelfo and Choi Hong Sook. This year we were very pleased to have made over four hundred dollars, enough to carry out our purpose. Maxwell House was especially happy when they took in the most money.

On November 2, Mary McWhir opened the bazaar shortly after two. The Holiday Boutique sponsored fashion shows in the Tea Room, which was run by the Home Economics class. Each house had a table. The prefects also sold an assortment of things and the day girls had a bake table.

In the UNICEF campaign, Sandra Mahabir won the poster contest. The points she won for Farewell House helped them to win the contest. However, there is doubt as to whether the students or the teachers won the volleyball game.

Of course, I could not forget to mention Saturday morning Oysters. Here we sometimes sang and sometimes listened.

My thanks to Miss Saunders, my staff advisor, Elsie Hofstetter, the secretary-treasurer of the S.C.M., and also to all the girls who helped in the S.C.M. during the year.

Brenda Rogers



## EDELFO GONZALEZ

Edelfo Gonzalez stands four feet tall and weighs forty-eight pounds. He was born August 14th 1958 in Guyaquil Ecuador. Life for him was an unhappy ordeal. He was undernourished because his father made only thirty dollars a month, which had to feed, clothe and shelter the nine people who lived in their tiny apartment.

The 1967 bazaar was so successful that we were able to adopt this child. Our aid, through the Foster Parents' Plan has made it possible for Edelfo to be educated at a private school. He is in grade six and doing very well. His family have been able to make repairs on their home and purchase many necessities which previously could not be afforded.

The money received each month is divided into sections for food, clothing, medical supplies and education. The remaining eight dollars is given to Edelfo to purchase things he needs and to help his family.

The gift of money can be computed in dollars and cents, the gift of happiness is far beyond computation.

Peggy Allen



## HONG SOOK

Hong Sook is our oldest foster child and we have had her for several years. She is almost sixteen years old and lives in a small village in Korea, with her parents and many brothers and sisters. Hong Sook is in what they call Senior School and she tells us that she really likes school! The S.C.M., through monthly grants, provides Hong Sook with her education. Sometimes I smile with appreciation when I read a letter filled with timid but fine attempts at English. Letters are written once a month from both ends but are often delayed. Three times a year we send Hong Sook a package, one of which the entire school is proud of. It is composed of our years' collection of used clothing directed not only for Hong Sook but for her entire family as well. The other two are made up of new articles of clothing for Hong Sook and sometimes we add a bag of hard candy for an extra treat. We often send Hong Sook pictures of us and O.L.C. and we know she likes to get them.

The personal reward issuing from this relationship is great enough for me to say "please be a foster parent to another loving and appreciative child like Hong Sook."

Janet Smith



# Athletic Association



The 1968-69 Athletic Association has been comprised of the four co-operative and hard-working house-captains: Barb Beach; Jane Allen; Sue Mitten and Shirley Monteil. They have helped me a great deal organizing the various games and making our formal a very big success. They took a tremendous part in our Fun Fair as well.

However, without the leadership of Mrs. Hallpike, I'm sure that we would have accomplished very little. Everything that Mrs. Hallpike has taught not only me but each and every one of us, is invaluable. Under Mrs. Hallpike, the house-captains and I have strived to create sports interest with good teamwork, establishing both fine winners and losers in every game.

The cross-country in the fall was an interesting addition to our program. Volleyball and basketball were both challenging and exciting games intermingled with badminton tournaments. We learned a great deal about basketball when we played against Dennis O'Connor. They won. Hardworking gymnasts applied themselves throughout the year and some entered the L.O.S.S.A. meet. We are proud to say that one girl is going on into the C.O.S.S.A. meet. Still to come are archery games, tennis and numerous May Day practices.

Our annual school formal this year, known as Neptune's Ball, was a lot of fun and fanciness. The profit that we made at the Fun Fair was directed towards the decorations for the formal and for the band.

Thank you Mrs. Hallpike, house-captains and everyone. It's the girls that make the team that make the sports.

Janet Smith









## *Hare House:*

As Les and I look back on the past year, we remember a lot of happy times. Who will ever forget our decorations for the S.C.M. Bazaar, or the excitement we had in putting on our play "Still Stands the House"? We were all proud of Sue Goldie who won Best Actress in the Festival of Plays.

Although Hare House might not have come first in sports this year, we had a good time playing all the games with our usual "hopping" spirit.

To Leslie Sherry, my subcaptain, I'd like to give an especially big thank you. Without your help I know I would have had a nervous breakdown. To all the girls who wear the wine ties and shoelaces, cherish them! And thanks for the memories!

Jane Allen





## *Carter House ...*

The Carter House girls and I look back on a busy, happy year which we all enjoyed immensely.

We are all extremely proud of our junior volleyball team for winning the cup and also for their grand play in basketball in which they placed second. The seniors, though not as successful, worked up a good spirit at their games.

At the S.C.M. bazaar, thanks to the girls who decorated our table and to their skill in handicrafts, we stood third. We were proud to be able to help make the bazaar such a great success.

In our play, 'The Monkey's Paw', which was put on in the fall, Sharon Currie won the award for the best supporting actress.

I would like to thank each one of my girls for her co-operation and for all the fun we shared. My special thanks to Joy McCombe, my sub-captain, who was always there when I needed her.

Shirley Monteil



## *Maxwell House:*

Dear Sonja And Maxwell House members,

Life is like lining up, your line may not always be the straightest but,  
it's working together with other people to make it straight that makes  
it all worthwhile.

Thank you for a straight year.

Love Barb.





## *Farewell House:*

Wanted: Farewell house requires a house captain for the year 1969-1970.

The applicant must have grade XI standing. She must be capable of controlling twenty-five girls, eager to meet the challenges of organizing basketball and volleyball teams and supervising the work of her house.

This position brings a vast amount of learning, anxiety, friendship and chronic laryngitis, with guaranteed personal satisfaction.

Reply to: The exhausted, but happy, satisfied and grateful house captain of 1968-1969.

Suzie Mitten

# Choir



The choir of '69 numbered about 40 enthusiastic and well-tuned girls. Under the competent direction of Dr. R. Davis and with the aid of Mary McWhir at the piano or organ, the choir's repertoire grew. Among their best songs are O Lord Most Holy, The Lord's Prayer, You'll Never Walk Alone and pieces written by Dr. Davis. They honoured the school by singing at the installation of our principal and sang beautifully to the Glory of God at our Christmas Candlelight Service. Their fine musical ability was evident in chapel service and gave pleasure to all.

Sue Goldie.

## FOLK GROUP

This group with about 20 members, has met several times for their own enjoyment. They have sung twice at Saturday morning Oysters. Our two guitarists Gail James and Diane Crowe sang one Friday afternoon at St. Marks Church.

Before the year ends the Folk Group is hoping to conduct an evening chapel service here at O.L.C.



# ACTIVITIES





#### JUNIOR CARTER

Sue MacArthur  
 Claire Bark  
 Barb McLean  
 Janice Tisdale  
 Sharon Curris  
 And Nadine Rogers

## Volleyball

#### SENIOR MAXWELL

BACK ROW: Margaret Werry, Suzanne Ogg, Barb Beach, Maureen Gilbride, Judy Donnelly. FRONT ROW: Debbie West, Mary-Ann McDougall, Jackie Browne. VERY FRONT ROW: Shelley Ledger.





## CARTER HOUSE

Shirley Monteil,  
Leslee Gracey, Wendie Buckley,  
Lynne MacLachlan, Elsie Hofstetter  
Brenda MacKillican.



# Senior Basketball



## MAXWELL HOUSE

Back row:  
Marg Werry, Sue Ogg, Barb Beach,  
Maureen Gilbride, Judy Donnelly,

Middle row:  
Debbie West, Mary Ann McDougall,  
Jackie Browne.

Front row:  
Shelley Ledger.

## SENIOR FAREWELL

Jackie Rubaine, Nancy Kerr,  
Vicky McCallum, MaryAnn Coleman,  
Janet Smith  
Suzy Mitten.



# Basketball

## JUNIOR FAREWELL

Wendy Douglas,  
Sue Gorrie, Gail James, Linda West,  
Debbie Broughton, Marylynn Mentis, Heather Dunnett,  
Carmen Estrada.





Senior and Junior  
House Teams:

Farewell,  
Carter,  
Hare and  
Maxwell.



## *Badminton*



## *Gymnastics*

# Swimming Instructresses



Nadine Hulbert, Maureen Gilbride, Suzanne Ogg, Barb Beach.

## The Fun Fair

The idea of a fun fair was initiated by the girls of the A.A. It was passed in Students' Council and became a reality on the night of March 7th. The activities were such that they satisfied all. The sadistic were allowed a chance to drown the prefects, the adventurers, a tour of a horror house. One man came out looking rather ruffled but he decided it was the principal of the thing! For the artistic we had the prefects body painting shop and for the gamblers "three throws for a dime." The artist at O.L.C. Wendy Barclay, offered her talents by sketching caricatures.

The evening was rounded off by the movie "Nobody Waved Good-bye" starring Peter Kastner, which everyone enjoyed.

A good profit was procured that night for a worthy cause, our formal, and I am sure we'd all like to thank Janet, the A.A. and volunteers for their efforts.

Pat Wallace



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50 Wareside Rd.,  
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314 St. Lawrence St.,  
54 Edenbrook Hill,  
R.R. No. 1,  
2320 Pine Grove Ave.,

Khyber Pass,  
9a Ave. Nte. No.38 Santa Ana,

7 Grampian Rd., Apt. A6,  
9C La Salle Road, Second Floor,  
39 Dufferin Road,  
23 Benleigh Dr.,

156 S. Hill St.,  
50 Kingswood Dr.,  
3 Woodcrest Dr.,  
Box 2000,

R.R. No.6, Astrum House,  
1218 Clover Brae Cres.,  
11 Highland Cr.,  
R.R. No.3

23 Naylon St.,  
R.R. No.2,  
40 Godstone Rd., No.1007,

91 Mayfair Dr.,

17 White Oak Blvd.,

8 Tin Kwong Rd., Ground Floor

R.R. No.1,  
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Box no. 9,  
23 Alexandra St., St. Clair,  
2500 Stratford Rd., Cleveland Heights,  
609 Oenton St.,  
Box 156, M  
45 Metcalfe Ave.,  
341 Silverstone Drive,  
Box No. 205,  
5 Ionsen Blvd.,  
432 McLeod St.,  
61 Robingdale Or.,  
Chile Exploration Co. Chuquicamata,  
Box 190,  
" " "

7 Edenbrook Hill,  
Whitney  
91 Martin St.,

24 Claremount Rd., Box BB,  
" " " "  
65 Godstone No. 119,

35 Widdicombe Hill, Apt. 402,  
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Clare-Wal Cottage, Khyber Pass,  
19 B/F BI Block, Man Fuk Rd., Waterloo Rd. Hill,

Eastern Main Road,  
P.D. Box 335,  
6282 Kingston Rd.,  
1444 Dundas Cres.,  
19 Lascelles Blvd., Apt. 50B,  
Ord Road,

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106 Byron St.,  
220 Saskatchewan Cres. W.  
Cobb's Hill Road  
85 Ave. Henri Martin,  
29 Hopperton Dr.,  
49 Abbot St.,  
312 Dyson Rd.,  
Apt. A-504, B166 Leesburg Pike, Falls Church,

5 Elgin Ave.,

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North Point, Hong Kong.  
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